It is July 30th, 2025. T

There's a heat wave — well, we're in a heat dome, which is a special thing, even worse than a normal heat wave.

Uh, we're going to be reading this fucking travesty right here. And I'm referring to it for travesty for a very specific reason. We got our copy from Goodwill when the first person who bought it originally, who kept it in very good condition — thank you for that — uh, it's it's like in perfect condition. It's just kind of crazy how good condition is.

Um, the poor person who bought this originally — um, you see how big this book is. Here's Is is it even thicker than my pinky? No. My pinky finger is thicker than this book.

And do I want to go get a ruler and literally measure it? Yeah, I will. BRB.

I'm going to measure it with my broken ruler, because I don't know where the other one is.

It's not even — clearly not even half an inch. Uh let's do with centimeters…. It's like, it's less than a centimeter.

This book is literally less than a centimeter.

And I'm saying that, um wait til I to show you the — or at least read you...[holds back of book up to camera to show the price tag, which the camera cannot focus on] Probably won't be able to focus on them…

The, the trade prices on the back of this book, that's less than a centimeter thick, and not like it was written for charity or anything where somebody writes a story and you pay a bunch of money for it because the point is not buying the story, the point is donating to charity — Which I guess I should mention —

Yeah, that would be a good idea.

Um, I am doing a thing where if you donate a dollar to any mutual aid fund, which can be any Palestinian

relief fund, um, handing money to literally any homeless person, and I'll just take your word for it. Any, any kind of mutual aid.

If you donate a dollar, I will make a public domain character or an entire species with a design of your choice, which means you can like describe, I don't know, dragons with like six wings and etc. and I'll make it and it'll become public domain. Or for every dollar, what did I say? I think I said for every — Yeah. Every $1 you donate, I can also record 20 minutes of an audio book of your choice. It either has to be public domain or something that you own or like, I guess — Yeah. fanfiction that you have written or your friend wrote who wants an audio book or something like that. Yeah.

And uh if you donate at least $25, you can pick a public domain movie or cartoon or something and I will novelize it.

Uh 20 — I think my audio book for the King Kong thing that's public domain that came to about three

something hours and has 40,000 words. I'm not doing that math…

But um okay, maybe next time I will just find something to read and I'll set a timer for 20 minutes and then I'll see how much of that I could read in 20 minutes.

Anyways, um the price is on the back of this book. So yeah, it — that was that I came up with that because I remembered that cuz talking about, like there's there's a whole bunch of books you can buy for charity where people write stories for charity. They're called charity anthologies, usually, there's a whole bunch of Doctor Who ones where people will just write fanfiction and then you donate to charity and you get a physical copy as a way to raise money for charity.

That's not what this book is, though.

This book that is less than a centimeter thick, and that's including like all the blank pages at this — there's at least three blank pages at the end.

Uh you want to know how much this book costs? The poor, poor, poor, poor soul who bought it the first time — Thank you for giving it to Goodwill so I could get it for $3.

This poor person paid $15.99 at the very least because that's the guide price and individual stores can go above that because when I bought book five with the last paycheck I ever got, because I was assuming that book five was going to be an actual novel, you know, like with everything that an actual novel can contain that you will be reading over and over again for the entire rest of your life.

Um, I paid $35 for that, but the guide price is like 25. So, Barnes & Noble or whatever the fuck I bought it from was charging an extra $10. And if if you happen to be in Canada, it's — [holding book up to camera again but it’s still out of focus]Can we focus on the damn thing?

No, it doesn't want to focus. Maybe you can read that.

Yeah, if you're in Canada, you would be you if you bought this new, you'd be paying $20.99.

And I can only presume that people who are trying to buy this now after the Apple TV that Martha Wells is shilling for has come out, I'm, I'm going to assume they're charging even more. $20 fucking, $15.99 brand new for a book less than a centimeter thick with 149 pages of story, and they didn't even like, fill up the whole page with as much text as possible.

So like they're — it's a scam is what I'm trying to say here. It's a fucking scam. People like to call it anti-capitalist robots in space, but it's, it's $16 minimum for a book less than a centimeter thick.

Should I go and get one of the Star Wars books? I think I'm going to.

You're just gonna sit here and stare at my beautiful cardboard again. I'll be right back.

[a minute or two later]

Alright, plan aborted. My twin keeps rearranging the bookshelves, so now I don't know where the Star Wars books are. I was going to show you Outbound Flight and check what the price was for that originally.

But anyways, I can give you an another example from memory. You just have to trust me and or look it up. What the fuck is his name? Dude writing under the pseudonym Christopher Pike, which if you're a Star Wars — er, Star Trek nerd, you might be like, "Hey, wait, like the captain?" Yes, the equivalent of somebody writing under these the pseudonym Jean Luc Peard.

The author Christopher Pike was writing a story about a vampire named Sita and she's ~the coolest vampire ever and God loves her~ and just keeps letting her get away with fucking crimes that he's told her, "Stop doing that. Stop doing that. This is the last time. Stop doing that” and then she just keeps doing it, and he just keeps going “fine I guess you can get away with it this time, but stop doing it” and then she just keeps doing it.

Like — also that man hates physically disabled people, and so much more and it's like — dude — like the writing was so bad and just going in this — just doing the same thing over and over again, but pretending ~it's totally different this time~ that I as this fucking high schooler got sick of it and gave up on it because he was just so bad at writing.

But anyways, uh we bought one of his books that was this thick [holding hands several inches apart] from what the fuck is that...the bookstore that closed that doesn't exist anymore. Like Blockbuster but for books. I don't remember what it's called anymore.

But uh, we bought that, and that was $10. That was three books shoved into one like this [holding up anthology], but out to here, [pulling hand away from the anthology to show how large the other book was] like to the point that it couldn't fit in my backpack if I wanted to have my textbooks with me.

So, yes, we are just starting the first 10 minutes of this with me just complaining about the size of it because this is a fucking scam.

$16 plus tax, plus whatever extra markup the individual seller wants to charge for this, for a book less than a centimeter thick — and that's with blank pages at the start, and the end and text that's not even filling as much of the page as possible.

That's a fucking scam. Especially if you are going to go around pretending to be anti-capitalist and claim that you hate corporate greed. But you *are* corporate greed. You are.

Especially now that Martha Wells is actively shilling for Apple, the evil corporation that these books are supposed to be against, but only if they aren't paying you, apparently, because Martha Wells is literal — literally a white supremacist sellout.

She's been telling everybody that Murderbot is a person of color. But as soon as Apple offers her that sweet sweet white supremacy money, she's like, "Yes, give me that. I will tell poor people to subscribe to your shitty fucking TV service.”

Anyways, we're going to actually start reading this now.

[phone dings, narrator squints at the camera]

Says we have a package delivered. Do I really want to go outside and get it? I guess I will. I'll actually pause it this time though.

[video stops, begins again]

I'm back and I regret everything. My god, it's so fucking hot and humid out.

Anyways, um we're going to actually start reading that — well, I'm going to read it and you're going to get to see my reactions.

...Unless we want to do the thing where I read each paragraph and then spend 30 minutes expl —

— That's actually what is probably going to happen, because the first paragraph in here is so, so loaded with bigotry, it's unbelievable.

And it's like, it's, it's ,this is Martha Wells telling you exactly how she views the world. We're gonna — Yeah, we're just gonna do that, because just you wait until you see this first paragraph.

Actually, wait. Let's read the summary.

> In a corporate dominated space fairing future, planetary missions must be approved and supplied by the Company

with a capital C.

> Exploratory teams are accompanied by company supplied security androids.

Oh, we're lying to people. Explicitly lying to me. Oh my god, this is the first time I've ever read the official summary. This is so funny. Um, I, I, I'm so — at this point I've just been so conditioned to think that there's nothing on the back of the book besides fucking ~oh, this story is so great~ or ~best-selling author thingyamajig~. I'd never actually looked at this before. That's hilarious.

So, we're explicitly lying to people on the back of the book. These characters are not androids. They are cyborgs. Martha Wells has confirmed this. They are cyborgs.

The difference between an android and a cyborg: Data from Star Trek is an android. Luke Skywalker is a cyborg. Data was built artificially entirely. Luke Skywalker was born and then later given cybernetic things. Murderbot is a cyborg. All of the, the quote unquote “sec units” and “comfort units”, they're all cyborgs.

They're real people — real human people who are mutilated at birth to give them cybernetic augments and dehumanized to justify enslaving them.

But we're just saying that they're androids on the back of the book because Martha Wells is many things, um coherent politically — I mean, no, it's not, it's not even incoherent, it’s racism and white supremacy and ableism all mixed together.

Anyways, uh

exploratory teams are accompanied by company supplied security androids for their own safety. But in a society where contracts are awarded to the

Huh.

But in a society where contracts are awarded to the lowest bidder, safety isn't a primary concern.

On a distant planet, a team of scientists are conducting surface tests shadowed by their circum by their company supplied droid, a self-aware SecUnit that has hacked its own governor module and refers to itself, though never out loud, as Murderbot.
Scornful of humans, all it really wants to is to be left alone long enough to figure out who it is. But when a neighboring mission goes dark, it's up to the scientists and their murderbot to get to the truth.

[flabbergasted beyond words at all the lies] Like that is — I mean that's...that's that sure is a fucking summary. That's. That. Sure is something. Just calling Murderbot a droid. It's like... all right. That's that sure is something.

I mean, way to double down on the dehumanization that is explicitly happening in-universe and then it's never going to be revealed that that's what's happening, because that would require actually giving a shit. [still flabbergated beyond words] Um, yeah, that's that's fucking, that sure as hell is something.

Cover art by Jamie Jones[].

Cover design by Christine Christine Folzer[].

Also, I got to say, I've, I've stared at this cover for years now, and I only realized very recently that those are trees behind Murderbot.

Like, this whole time I thought the whole thing is that like — the scene from the I, Robot movie where Sonny

is standing in the room, the warehouse of the other robots.

And I thought this whole fucking time, despite staring at this repeatedly in detail, it just literally never occurred to me. I'm like,

"Oh yeah, that's that's just a that's just an out of focus background of a sea of other SecUnits in armor to show that Murderbot is just one of many and just got lucky to have a fucked up governor module, right?"

But no, those are trees. Those are just trees. Those are the, the, the trees that don't actually matter that we don't really get a description of.

We just get told that uh, the evil people's uh, base camp is surrounded by these super skinny tall trees so that they can see in all directions cuz the trees don't really block your view cuz they're super skinny.

Yeah, those are trees in the background, not just like a — like, the way that's — those are supposed to be the rings of the planet that they are on.

Yes, we are just doing this for the first like probably 20 minutes of the video.

Those are supposed to be the rings on the planet that never actually get described in a way that's memorable. But like, the way that it's — the way the light is just reflecting off of Murderbot's helmet and just the fact that it's so out of focus, it just really gives the impression that Murderbot is in a giant room with a curved ceiling, and those are other SecUnits surrounding it just out of focus because Murderbot is one among many.

But no, they're trees, and those are planetary rings. So, like, um, good job Jamie Jones for doing some pretty art. Uh, like, but the person who designed it and told you what to do. Um, whichever one of you fucked up this badly that I'm prob — I'm definitely not the only person to misinterpret this so drastically.

Uh, you got to have more distinct design. Like, maybe put some fucking color in those trees? Put some fucking color in the sky. Put some color in that.

Like, it's not my fault I completely misinterpreted this despite staring at it so much. Like, I literally spent the entire time going, "Yeah, those those are those are totally just other people, right?" No, they're trees.

Anyways, also another complaint. Murderbot is always shown in this armor on the cover art, even after it literally never gets access to this kind of armor ever again. And it's just like — the official art omnibus that nobody can afford, uh that's also not even for charity — despite like, you can be creative and show Murder — No, it's all because of the racism.

Because if Murderbot is wearing armor, then we can just let everybody project what they think Murderbot should look like.

Also, do you see how that lighting perfectly matches up with the trees? It's all just making it indistinct, and it's not good. It's not good art. That's just bad art design. Like, it's making it — it's actively making you not want to look closer to see what the hell is going on, which is why I've literally thought since — when did I start reading these books?

2020 something. 2021, I think. Maybe 2020. I don't remember. I'll have to check my blog.

Anyways, um yeah, you can just draw Murderbot in different outfits without showing its face and just have it in creative fun poses that throwing a [holds arm in front of face to demonstrate] just happens to be turning away, just make it a running thing.

We could have so much fun with the cover art, but we're not doing that, because that would require Martha Wells to actually commit to her statements that Murderbot is a person of color by getting artists to draw it as a person of color on the official books.

But she doesn't want to do that, because she wants the plausible deniability so that when Apple pays her however the hell much they're paying her to sell out to them, she can gleefully accept their white supremacy money to gleefully shill for the people whitewashing her own protagonist.

Anyways, yeah, we're 20 minutes and 10 seconds in. Let's read paragraph one. Let's do that together. And

then we're going to spend another half an hour discussing paragraph one.

> Chapter one.
> I could have become a mass murderer after I hacked my governor module, but then I realized I could access the combined feed of entertainment channels carried on the company satellites. It had been well over 35,000 hours or so since then with still not much murdering, but probably I don't know a little under 35,000 hours of movies, serials, books, plays, and music consumed. As a heartless killing machine, I was a terrible failure.

That's paragraph one.

And it really ill — it's very illustrative of Martha Wells's view on slavery and how slaves act, because what she *thinks* she's doing by saying that is poking fun at racist propaganda, but she's just doing the racist propaganda instead.

Because Murderbot isn't saying “haha all the humans think that, um, that we're just violent mindless those killing machines”.

I don't, I don't even remember what the start of that sentence I just said was.

She's not having Murderbot laugh about that because Murderbot doesn't think that's true.

She's having Murderbot say that because it thinks that because Martha Wells thinks that's fucking true, and has Murderbot agree with her.

And Murderbot frames itself, because Martha Wells is framing it, as One of The Good Ones, because every single other slave on this fucking planet in this story ends up getting murdered by the good guys, and we're just supposed to be completely fine with it because Martha Wells is racist.

As I have said many, many, many, many, many, many times and will keep saying until people get it through their fucking racist heads:

It is literally not possible to be actually truly anti-racist and anti-slavery and write a story like All Systems Red.

It's physically fucking impossible for somebody who actually understands how horrific slavery is to sit down and even think about writing a book with the plot that you will fucking see in here, let alone write it all out as a first draft, presumably edit it. We fucking hope.

It really is — I — Yeah, it really does not seem like Martha Wells is actually editing her first drafts. It seems like she's literally just shitting out a first draft and then sending that off to the publisher to edit, or not, as their fucking whims dictate.

As you've all seen from Rapport this with the fanfiction-y obnoxious title that people give their stories when they can't think of anything else to name it, where there are so many blatant typos including a missing space between two words that still, as of today, July 30th 2025, when this short story was published July 10th, it's been 20 fucking days from

these supposedly professional publishers their traditional publishers that ~Oh, they do quality control. That's why they're so expensive.~

20 whole fucking days now and they still have not fixed any of the blatant typos on the short story that they are claiming that they've professionally edited. Go to reactormag.com slash martha-wells slash rapport?

I might be getting that wrong, but I was just looking at that link earlier. That might be the correct URL. Might not be. I don't know. Just Google it, it'll show up.

Um, yeah, just Ctrl+F and then type out “shehonestly”. One word. Is it, is that fucking typo still in there despite being so goddamn blatant that a 12-year-old would spot it and fix it if they had the ability?

Yeah.

Yeah.

20 days after this was published for thousands of people to read, they still haven't fixed it.

It would take like maybe 10 minutes maximum, but they're just not doing it, because they don't give a shit.

They don't care about quality, they just want money. This book on Kindle was originally getting sold for $2 as opposed to $16 for a physical fucking — this is a paperback, by the way, not a hard cover. It's not even a hard cover, it's a paperback. And also the, the, the hard covers of the other books in this series, they have the most disgusting fucking texture on the um, the, the dust jacket. It's like disgusting. I don't even want to touch it, which is why I haven't made these videos. Um I'm going to take it off for recording them. It's just disgusting.

Anyways, um what was I saying besides like —

Yeah, we'll just get into it because like this first paragraph, this is just, it's, it's Martha Wells telling you that she thinks that if you give slaves freedom,

they will just want to murder everybody, because it's — this isn't commentary on the in-universe propaganda.

This is what Martha Wells actually believes. And you know the difference between this being in-universe propaganda and what Martha Wells actually believes and wants us to believe? You know what makes that difference?

If this was just just in-universe propaganda, then every other slave in this fucking story, and almost every single other slave in the entire seven books and 11 short stories published for this fucking series, they wouldn't all wind up getting murdered by the protagonists and presented as rabid fucking animals that need to be put down for the safety of the precious precious pure cinnamon roll slave owners.

That's that's what makes this shitty first paragraph reflective of Martha Wells's actual fucking values as a person and what fucking message she's actually putting out with this book series, because she's not bringing up ~haha the, the, the racists that are

enslaving us uh, tell everybody that we're just mindless serial killers~ and then they're not, they're just fucking oppressed people fighting for equality who deserve the right to fight for their fucking freedom.

Instead, it's “Yeah, that's true for everybody except me, because I'm different. I'm One of The Good Ones.”

This is like — if Martha Wells were actually anti-racist and actually against slavery as a concept, this whole entire book would not literally be dedicated to a slave throwing itself into harm's way and attempting to kill itself multiple times to save the lives of its precious, precious, pure cinnamon roll slave owners ~who just didn't realize that slavery was wrong, they don't have robots where they come from. How were they supposed to know that Murderbot was a person and that it's wrong to treat it as an object?~

You, as you'll have noticed if you've read the rest of the series, a thing that's a blatant fucking lie because

they do have robots where they come from, and they do acknowledge that they are people.

And again, Martha Wilds is just so fucking shit at writing that she doesn't she doesn't just reread the shit she's already written to make sure she's not contradicting herself.

So, the PreservationAux team are just inherently already horrible people for going out of their way to rent out a fucking slave for a thing they literally don't need to be doing.

And then she made them even worse people retroactively in this fucking book, where they claim that they just, they, ~oh they, they didn't know Murderbot was a person. They don't they just don't have people like you, we don't have people like you in our gated community on our in our socialist gated community. We just had no clue you were a person.~

And it's like — and then — and then we see Preservation later in the series.

And yeah, they, they were just lying to Murderbot's face.

That's what's — that's what they're doing in this book now, because of what Martha Wells decided to write later without double-checking what she fucking wrote in here. They're just lying to Murderbot's face.

Anyways, um let's actually fucking try to read some shit, 29 minutes and 11 seconds into the fucking video.

> I could have become a mass murderer

I'm not reading that whole paragraph. Well, I guess I will.

> I could have become a mass murderer after I hacked my governor module. But then I realized I could access the combined feed of entertainment channels carried on the company's satellites.

Satellites plural, just for a fucking note.

> It had been well over 35,000 hours or so since then, which translates to about four years in Earth time with still not much murdering, but probably, I don't know, a little under 35,000 hours of movies, serials, books, plays, and music consumed. As a heartless killing machine, I was a terrible failure.

All right, that's paragraph one. Now, are you prepared for paragraph two?

> I was also still doing my job

Because even when Martha Wells is talking to other people or even herself in interviews outside of the story, she still is downplaying what slavery actually fucking is. She's saying, she's literally having Murderbot refer to being enslaved as a meatshield as just a job.

A job, as though being literal property as a meatshield, in this fucking instance — Murderbot's entire fucking purpose is to be a meatshield — as though that's equivalent to a job that is boring,

because that's how she consistently frames slavery in this series.

Despite this not being a — it's not a series about somebody in space who has a really boring job they don't like. It's about slavery. Fucking people dehumanized, mutilated at birth, mutilated at birth, dehumanized to justify enslaving them and then used as fucking meatshields or sex slaves.

And it's like — and, and she just constantly it's it's a very fucking white thing to do because oh, also she's from Texas. She's not just she's not just a racist white woman. She's literally from Texas.

It's like, okay, so congrats on fulfilling the fucking stereotype that everybody from all the white people from Texas are racist. It's like, yeah, you and I keep seeing her in interviews complaining that the rest of the writing community keeps disappointing her. And it's like, all right, with everything that I have ever seen that you have written, and I have read all but eight stories of hers out of I think 44, I have a list. I've made a list.

I know, I know how she responds to criticism, and it's to double down on what she's doing and make up a caricature of whoever criticized her, and then putting that caricature in her books to show and portray as being stupid or a mentally ill serial killer.

That's what she does.

And it's like, all right, so Martha Wells, when you say that the, the “the writing community keeps disappointing you”, and that you don't feel like you're part of it, is it because the rest of the writing community, um, points out the bigotry that you're putting in your work, and instead of listening to them, you caricaturize them and put them in your story to make fun of them?

Is it because the rest of the writing community has tried to explain to you multiple times how to how pronouns work, basic pronouns, literal grammatical pronouns work, and that you should not be having two separate characters talking and acting within the same paragraph where there's dialogue?

Is it because you refuse to change and grow as a person or a writer? So, every time somebody tries to explain to you how to better do what you are trying and failing to accomplish, you just double down and insist that they're fucking stupid because, uh you don't need to know how pronouns work and it's it, “if you think the Fell are racist or evil be just because I wrote them as literal racist caricatures, I bet that thinks you think that fucking British colonizers were evil”.

And it's like, like, Martha Wells would literally rather defend the original British colonizers, the people who actively did multiple fucking genocides, then just admit that she used racist tropes in The Books of the Raksura in 2011.

She literally made the villains of that fucking series every racist caricature you can fucking think of. All of them. They are — they want to go around raping people. They're cannibals. She tells us so many times that they are butt fucking ugly and — because they all have black scales, and they're ugly and like all but saying they have bullet shaped fucking heads.

Um, and then they have secret beautiful white skinned, ethereally beautiful, magically beautiful white-skinned forms that they use to trick people into thinking they're actually good.

Because white people are just so ethereally beautiful that everybody thinks they're beautiful, but actually secretly they're the evil black-skinned ugly bullet shaped-headed demons who want to rape and cannibalize you.

And it's just like. She literally just made them every single racist caricature that has ever existed in all of propaganda throughout history, including fantasy and sci-fi.

She just did all of the caricaturizations and then made those the villains and then has then just refused to accept any fucking criticism for this, and it — literally spent a decade ignoring every single fucking essay explaining that this is messed up. This is fucking racist.

And spent literally a decade ignoring all criticism only to cherrypick two reviews that defend her racist writing by defending British colonization. I'm not even making that up. I could not have fucking imagined that scenario if you fucking paid me to think of the most ridiculous fucking defense for a book series ever.

She literally found two reviews by the same person defending her against the, the basic racism that is in her series that people with morals point out by saying that if you think Martha Wells made the Fell inherently evil, which they literally are, she literally has one of the beloved characters suggest doing eugenics on them to “breed out the evil”, then that's as absurd as saying that British colonizers were evil.

And it's like, yeah, British colonizers were evil. That's not up for debate.

The only way you can think they're not evil is if you're literally a white supremacist.

And at this point, Martha Wells just is, because she's literally shilling for Apple TV. Apple, while they whitewash her protagonist. And she tells poor people to to waste their grocery money subscribing to Apple, the people whitewashing her own character while she's still continuing to double down on the slavery apologism and genocide apologism now in this whole entire fucking series, it's like she's just a white supremacist. There's only so many fucking white supremacist things you can do before you're just a fucking white supremacist and that's the only thing left to call you.

If you've seen my videos about Witch King, she literally made up an entire group of fantasy indigenous people, heavily coded as Native Americans, and she made up she made them up just so that she could pin *her* obsession with pedophilia and eugenics on them. to then claim, explicitly and implicitly, but mostly explicitly through dialogue within the story, that if you think pedophilia and eugenics and trafficking children to use as brood mares for a eugenics program, if you think that is

horrifying, um, then you're the real racist, and also, you probably support genocide, because she decided that her fantasy Native American people that she made up literally just to endorse eugenics and pedophilia, um, she had them get genocided, somehow “entirely” because they they — it's not like there's a diaspora or anything.

Um, she she had them be successfully genocided by people who were upset about them literally making deals with devils, a thing they actually were doing.

So, she's, she's — it's, it's horrible every every which fucking way you look at it.

Anyways, now we're we're still on paragraph two.

All that came from “I was still doing my job” because Martha Wells thinks framing being literal enslaved property — that's what chat — that, that's what the chattel in chattel slavery means. It means you're property, because there's many forms of slavery. Chattel slavery means you are literal property. You have no civil rights. You are property.

And, and Martha Wells thinks framing being enslaved as just — being enslaved to be a meatshield, an expendable meatshield whose sole purpose is to jump in between your slave owners, the people renting you out, and whatever danger is threatening them — that's that's what Murderbot is enslaved to do.

And Martha Wells has decided that we're just going to frame that as “doing a job” and that's it. And then even in 2025 in interviews, she's still just referring to it as “a job”. Doing a job, nothing else. Hold on. I have to turn the fucking light on. It's dark.

[the lights in the room turn on]

She literally — she's literally just downplaying slavery every single fucking time she talks about it. Even when it's not in-universe and there's no excuses for her, like an in-universe excuse for her to be doing this.

Like there are some instances where it would make sense for characters to not be to not be referring to

slavery as slavery. There's only very specific circumstances where that works though.

And it doesn't fucking work when you, the author, are talking about your shit in an interview out of universe as the fucking writer, you should be calling it slavery because that's what it fucking is.

But then even in Rapport, the new book with characters none of whom who have ever — there should be zero — there is no reason for the characters in Rapport to ever be just refusing to say slavery and call it what it is.

But even there, we're still downplaying it and pretending it's “Oh, it's just a job. It's it's totally like working at fucking Walmart or something. Totally the same thing.”

> I was also still doing my job on a new contract and hoping Doctor Volescu and Doctor Bharadwaj finished their survey soon so we could get back to the habitat and I could watch

episode 397 of Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon.

So yeah, that's chapter that's paragraph two. And it's like, also there's eight named slave owner characters in this story.

And again, I am going to repeat myself: if this story were actually written by somebody who's not fucking racist and not just a literal white supremacist — there's no other word for her at this point. She's had literally 20 fucking years to accept any of the criticism that the fucking racist caricatures in The Books of the Raksura brought her.

She's just doubled down endlessly forever. And she's just going to keep doing that until she dies.

She does not want to become a better person.

She does not want to ever admit that she's wrong.

She's a white supremacist and she's just going to be a white supremacist until she dies, because she doesn't

want to change, because that would require changing and growing as a person, a thing she thinks is impossible simply because she refuses to admit that she was fucking racist and used racist caricatures.

Yeah. If this story were written by somebody who actually thinks slavery is bad, um Doctor Bharadwaj and Volescu would literally die in this chapter.

...There's a little bug. [blows the bug off the book]

Uh, Doctor Bharadwaj and Doctor Volescu would die in this chapter, getting eaten by the totally-not-a-graboid and Murderbot would be like,

"Oh, damn. I wasn't expecting good news today, but damn, that's great. I'm fine with this. Let me just hack the whatever fuck — whatever logs there are here to make it seem like I'm trying to help, but just ~oh so so tragically unable to get there in time.~ Like damn, two out of fucking eight slave owners are already dead. They just got themselves killed and I didn't even have to do anything.”

Like that's how this would be going if this story were actually anti-slavery because you can't — because you can't be anti-slavery and think that slave owners deserve to live and are pure cinnamon rolls who deserve to be rescued while they are actively enslaving someone.

Those are two mut — those are in fact mutually exclusive fucking opinions to have.

You cannot think that slavery is bad, actually truly fucking horrific, but then also think that the slave owners deserve to live.

Slave owners should die. All slave owners. Yes. Including your favorite characters that the white woman from Texas made ambiguously Black and brown specifically to go, "Oh, well, um, you can't be mad at them for being slave owners. They're not white, so that means it's not racism.”

And it's like, no, we can tell what you're fucking doing. The Animorphs did this, too. So many fucking things do this, too. You're literally not different from

fucking Disney making Marvel movies where they make the villains black and scary black and brown people who who say…

….um, I don't remember off the top of my head. I just forgot.

Anyways, it's it's literally just more racism, not less.

Uh yeah, Doctor Volescu and Doctor Bard should fucking die in this scene and that should be treated as a good thing that Murderbot is happy about. And because I —

I don't know how to explain to you people that you can't be anti-racist and write a story where you expect people to mourn the deaths of slave owners.

You can't do those things. Sorry. Sorry. You don't actually have fucking morals or actually think slavery is bad.

That's how this works.

It, it truly is.

Anyways,

> I admit I was distracted. It was a boring contract so far and I was thinking about backburnering the status alert channel and trying to access music on the entertainment feed without HubSystem logging the extra activity. It was trickier to do it in the field than it was in the habitat.

Also, I'll just say ahead of time, Martha Wells keeps complaining about the stories where robots go rogue and just start trying ~attacking people for no reason~. And it's like, it's not no reason. They always have some fucking reason. And it's usually a very good fucking reason when you look at it from their perspective.

Um, yeah, she keeps complaining about shit like that, but then she literally does that exact fucking thing in here, with HubSystem.

HubSystem in this is the robot that ~goes rogue and starts trying to kill people for no reason~. But then we're just not supposed to acknowledge that that's what's going on. The thing that she claims that — the trope she claims she hates, but she's literally doing it unironically.

And it's like, okay, well, you you do realize you're a fucking hypocrite, right?

She doesn't, because that would require using critical thinking skills.

> This assessment zone was a barren stretch of coastal island with low flat hills rising and falling and thick greenish black grass up to my ankles. Not much in the way of flora

You just described grass up to your ankles. I don't know about any of you people, but have you ever looked at grass? Have you ever looked at a fucking lawn? Maybe not like a, a golf course lawn. Go outside if you have grass and look at your grass. Do you know how many different species there are of

grass mixed together in most lawns? And most of some of it's not even grass.

Like “there's not much in the way of flora” despite me mentioning that we are on a coastal island with — covered in plants as far as the eye can see, because we don't mention any parts that are not covered in plants.

And also it just it doesn't seem like Martha Wells understands how ecosystems work.

> Not much in the way of flora or fauna except a bunch of different sized birdlike things and some puffy floaty things that were harmless as far as we knew.

So they're different sizes which means they're probably different species and none of them get descriptions.

And all of the people insisting that “oh this is just because um, Marth — Murderbot wouldn't care about any of these things!!! It's not Martha Wells's it's not a

problem with Martha Wells's writing. It's just it's just characterized narration!!!”

It's like, no it's not. Go read Witch King. Go read The Books of the Raksura.

This is why I've been complaining that her writing hasn't improved since the fucking 90s.

> The coast was dotted with big bare craters. one of which Bharadwaj and Volescu

Also, it's very annoying that we refer to them first as *Doctor* Bharadwaj and *Doctor* Volescu, but then they just drop the doctor from their names, and it's, and it's — these are their last names, and we don't know most of their first names, and it's just like.

It's just fucking weird and annoying and especially in the, the new story, Rapport ‘insert obnoxiously long fanfiction title because it's written shittily like fanfiction’ um, she has the protagonist referring to her own fathers by their first names in the fucking

narration. It is literally only in dialogue that we get the reveal that those are her fucking parents.

That's not how people think. That's not how your narration should work. It's just so bad.

And in this, we're doing the same fucking thing. In dialogue, at least in this book, all of these people are referred to as Doctor Insert-Last-Name. But in the narration, it's just their last name. It's like, you need to have consistency.

Unless a character is specifically calling people the wrong names in their head on purpose to make fun of them, but then using their correct name out loud, which is one thing.

Um, this is just bad writing because it's inconsistent for no good fucking reason. And that's especially obvious in Rapport where the fucking protagonist is referring to her parents by their first names and giving zero indication through that narration that they're her parents.

> The coast was dotted with big bare craters, one of which Bharadwaj and Volescu were taking samples in. The planet had a ring which from our current position dominated the horizon when you looked out to sea. I was looking at the sky and mentally poking at the feed when the bottom of the crater exploded.

Yeah, that's that ring that like never gets described ever again. And we don't even get a proper description of it. Like we don't even get to know what color it is. We don't know what color this fucking sky is. We get no proper descriptions of anything. We get told the grass is blue black or green and black.

What, what was it? Can I flip backwards, page, please? Thank you.

> Thick greenish black grass

Like, imagine if this story was about Murderbot getting stranded on this fucking planet and just learning to live with the wildlife and shit. Imagine that. and learning that it can in fact do something

besides be a meatshield and can actually enjoy its fucking life. But no, we got to do slavery apologism instead.

> I was looking at the sky and mentally poking at the feed when the bottom of the crater exploded.

That's paragraph….it really doesn't want to let me turn the page back. Gosh. One, two, three, four. That was paragraph four, which started on page one —

Oh, what?!?!?!

What are you fucking talking about????

Oh, these fucking —

These fucking cheaters.

Holy shit!

That's fucking —

What the fuck is this shit?!!

Oh my god!

Okay, look!

1. Cover,
2. blank page that just says All Systems Red,
3. we got a list of other books she'd published before this.
4. Continues on to the next page. Okay. Okay.
5. A blank page.
6. We get the title. The Murderbot Diaries. Martha Wells. Tom Dohertie Associates Book New York. Well, fuck you, Tom Dhertie, whoever the hell you are.
7. Um, copyright blah.
8. Another blank page that just says All Systems Red at the top.

And then chapter one. Do you see what they're doing here? Look what —

That's page nine!

They are numbering chapter 1, page one, as page nine!

So this is not — how many pages did I fucking say it was? This is not — Oh my god. They are — They're number — Oh my god, these fucking cheaters!

They're literally continuing to number the pages that aren't the actual story, including the first few pages that are in every fucking book! They're counting the copyright page as a page! They're counting the two blank title pages as pages so that they can pretend that this book has more pages of story than it actually does!

There are not actually 149 pages of story in here! There are 140 because they are fucking artificially starting page one on page nine. Oh my fucking god!

Also, while we're on the topic of scams, when they were selling this as an ebook, they weren't telling people how long it was. Especially not now. They're still not telling people how long it is when they're charging extra money, because they increased the price because of the Apple shilling that they're doing. Oh my god.

People had no clue that they were buying a book that's less than a centimeter thick for the same price that you could literally go and buy an actual fucking novel for.

Oh my god. I didn't even notice while reading page one. They're literally starting the count on nine. Jesus Fucking Christ. Oh my god. Like there's so many bl — and, and then on top of that, there's one — how many blank pages at the back of this?

We have that — one blank page, two blank page, three blank page, four blank page, [voice increasing in volume] five blank page, six blank page, seven blank pages at the back of the book!

And they start the page count on nine. That's when they are starting the story. So, literally, oh my god. Oh my fucking god.

It is such a scam.

And then Martha Wells has the gall to pretend that she hates corporate greed when she is doing the corporate greed.

Because here's a secret, everybody. Nobody is forcing Martha Wells at gunpoint to publish with tour publisher.

She made that decision herself.

She is the one doubling down endlessly on this shit, literally scamming people and lying about the fucking page numbers in this fucking book and then putting seven whole entire blank pages at the back of the book to try and buff out that less than a centimeter page count as much as fucking possible. Oh my god.

Literally starting — we're — we're just —

So literally page two. We're pretending that's 10 pages into the fucking story so that they can literally claim that —

Oh my god they are they are fucking scammers, Tor, which used to be called Reactor — No it's — yeah it used it was called Tor when they published this. They're now called Reactor because I guess um — yeah this is from Macmillian Publishing Group. It's one of their trademarks.

Yeah, they're fucking scammers and have been from the start. And this is just —

I've never seen anybody else talk about the fact that the story —

They're literally claiming that the first nine fucking pages that are not the fucking story.

It's just —

[holds up book] I'm, I'm doing it again. You have to fucking suffer with me.

[listing off each page before the story starts] All Systems Red. That's all it says. List of other books that she's written. And they they went with font so large so that they could stretch that, and didn't fill this gap down here, and didn't fill this gap up here, specifically so that they could pretend that there's more stories here that it's worth printing this on two different pages. Look how big the spaces between those lines are. They could have they could have fucking put this —

Oh my god. They could have fit all of this shit on one page, but they purposefully spread it out to two to inflate the page count.

And then the back of that page is blank.

And then we just get the name of the book again.

And that, and then the next one is the copyright.

And then another fucking blank page just for the fucking title.

And then another blank page.

And then it's chapter one.

And then there's seven blank pages at the back of the book.

Oh my god.

But yeah, um, um, fuck that. We're on page two. They're calling it page 10, but it's page two. Oh my god. Oh my fucking god. Jesus fucking Christ.

Um, for the record, I would rather like commit murder, multiple murders, than do something like this with my own writing.

And if anybody ever suggested doing a scam like this with my writing, I would pick up my computer, and I would beat the person who suggested it to death, and then I would blow up their publishing company.

What. No. My god, we're on page two. It's not page 10. It's page two. When you're not a fucking

— Oh my god. This is so fucking ridiculous. We are on page two.

This is paragraph five. Paragraph five. Because paragraph four was also again, [holding up book, pointing to the large margin at the bottom] you see the — the amount of gap at the bottom of the fucking page? I wish I knew where the Star Wars books were put or I could be showing you a fucking counter example. Do you see how much space they're leaving at the, the fucking bottom of the page and the top of the page and the side of the page?

Like there is — it's good to have a margin, you don't need to have this big of a fucking margin.

It's — the only reason it's like this is is to artificially inflate the amount of pages that this book takes up to get it to less than a centimeter.

What the — what would this fucking look like if it were actually printed with like, economy in mind? Actually fitting as many words onto each page as is

possible to make it a reasonable fucking price for a book?

And like, no, that's not — $16 for this shit is not a reasonable price.

No matter which way you fucking look at it.

It would be a reasonable price if it were filled with extremely HD detailed color photos because it's like some kind of fucking, I don't know, encyclopedia or something.

Um, this is just text that they are stretching out as far as they can fucking get it and literally lying about what page you're on to convince you, if you look at the back of the fucking book, that there's more pages of story than there actually are.

They're literally — they are literally counting her fucking stupid little blurb as as a page that's in the story itself and then there's seven blank pages at the back. My fucking god.

Let's read the last par — line in paragraph 4.

> I was looking at the sky and mentally poking at the feed when the bottom of the crater exploded.

And this is where — I mean, first paragraph just needs to be thrown entirely into the fucking dumpster. But if we ignore the existence of the first paragraph for five seconds, this is where an actually anti-slavery story by somebody who actually thinks slavery is horrific would diverge entirely and never be the same again.

Um, because what we get next is Murderbot throwing itself in the line of fire, throwing itself literally into a graboid. It's not a graboid, but I'm calling it a graboid. Go watch the Tremors movies. They're actually good. Don't watch the last one, though, it’s fucking racist.

Even though the first few literally were not racist and were going out of their way to not be racist and then then that one came out and they're like, "Oh, we can

be racist now. It's racism is good, right? Let's just do some racism for no reason because we can. It's not like any It's not like the other movies exist or anything.”

Go watch the Tremors movies. It might make you paranoid about stepping on the ground for a bit, but who gives a shit? It's good. Just play the floor as lava and you'll have fun.

Anyways, um yeah, anybody who was actually writing an anti-racist story would have murder — Murderbot watch the two slave owners, its two literal slave owners, people who went —

I've never read The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy. I don't even properly know what it is. Is it a series? Is it a single book? Is it like set up like an actual little encyclopedia like those dragon Dragonology books things? Is it just a regular novel? I don't fucking know. B

ut I know there's some quote in it that I've seen two people reference where it's like

“Space is big. Space is really really really really really really big. Big doesn't even begin to describe it. Space is fucking big.”

Do you know how long and how many resources and how much effort it takes to go from one solar system to another? Even in science fiction like this? It takes a lot of fucking effort. And the Preservation ox team went multiple solar systems out of their way, so far out of their way, they left their little socialist utopia where they just do slavery — “But don't don't don't think about that at all. It's a, it's a socialist utopia! Ignore the slavery!”

They went solar systems out of their way to go into the corporation rim for no fucking reason at all to rent out a slave for a thing that is so inconsequential, we don't even — we literally still, in July 2025, don't have an explanation for what the fuck they were even doing here that they think any of it could ever possibly justify becoming slave owners.

Because yes you fucking, oh my god, you racist sacks of shit in this fandom trying to defend Martha Wells, it

is racism if you rent out a slave. You go out of your fucking way to rent out a fucking slave. You're a slave owner now. Congratulations. The fucking technicality of:

“Oh, well, we're just *renting* the slave. It's not like we're — It's not like we *bought them*. It's not like *we* enslaved them. We're just renting them to use as a meatshield! Why are you getting mad at me? I'm just a victim here!”

This is literally what people in this fandom are spewing. They're literally saying, "Well, it's it's totally fine to rent out a slave, um, because I mean you're not the one who enslaved them. It's not like you're *buying* a slave. You're just *renting them out*. Just because you're — you you rented out a slave to use as a meatshield, it doesn't mean — you're, you're not responsible for that slavery! You're just personally benefiting from it from paying money to use a person as a meatshield as your slave!!!”

And people are trying to pretend that the PreservationAux team aren't inherently monstrous fucking people for doing this.

And then the book doesn't even try to justify it. It just expects us to not give a shit, because we're told that they are pure cinnamon rolls “who just ~didn't know that slaves were people~ so, you can't blame them or be upset with them in any way for renting out a slave to use as a meatshield on a mission that they don't need to be on.”

If you've watched me play Alien: Isolation, you may have seen the dawning realization as I play Alien: Isolation of,

"Oh, this is just shitty Alien fanfiction. That's why they’re — that's that's why this is going on. It's just shitty Alien fanfiction. Why are they on a survey planet? Because that's what happens in in Alien movies.” That's it. That's why even — and why are there eight fucking people? Because that's what happens in an Alien movie!

But the difference between an Alien movie and this is that Alien movies have a bunch of characters —

I fucking forget the names of the two obnoxious ones about the ancient aliens bullshit, one of them was more explicitly about the ancient aliens bullshit than the other one.

It was either Prometheus or Covenant. I don't...I can't fucking tell them apart. They're both take place on the... LV427 before Alien happens.

Um, where the fuck am I going with this? Oh, yeah. There's so many characters in those, because they're horror movies, and the more characters you have in a horror movie, especially an Alien horror movie, the more creative ways you can you can write into the story for people to die.

One person um gets uh attacked by a xenomorph ancestor mutant form thingyamajiggy. Uh somebody else falls into acid. Somebody gets set on fire. Uh, another...I, I'm really not...

I don't know what was going on with the guy?

Did he pop out of the ground? Like, was he was — he — did he crawl up out of the ground? Was he like — when he's — like, they put the ramp down for the ship and then, like, it was confusing.

I couldn't tell if he was — if his body was like, contorted, or like if he just popped up out of the ground, and I don't know. It was confusing...

The point I'm trying to make here is that movies like Alien Pr — what — Covenant, Prometheus, whichever one fucking came first, um, they have so many people because that, that just means you get more ways to kill them all off and practice your CGI/practical effects and just think, “all right, who wants to fall into acid? Raise your hand!”

Completely unrelated, but if you've ever seen the Resident Evil movie and also the Alien vs Predator movie, uh, somebody needs to fucking tell me: was it the actor guy or the director guy who said, "Hey, can your / my character die the exact same way twice in a

row in two separate movies? Can we do a laser net, please? Can I please get chopped?"

Like, which way did it go? Did the director go to the actor and say, "Hey, hey, remember how we killed off your character in the Resident Evil movie? Do you want to do that again in the Alien vs Predator movie? You want to get sliced to bits by a laser net?"

Or did the did the actor go to the director and say, "It was really fun how we killed off my character in the Resident Evil movie. Can we do that again? Can we somehow work a laser into the fucking plot so I can get chopped into pieces by a laser net?"

If you've — if you haven't seen those movies, nothing I am saying makes any sense at all. Um, I want to know who approached who with that idea because it's hilarious.

Anyways, I don't know why it took me so long to realize that they were both directed by the same person because they literally have the same person playing the same type of character dies the exact

same fucking way. And also they both do the “let's go into a big scary underground thingy and we will keep — we'll show a diagram of the — a digital diagram of the big scary underground place and show map markers where everybody is while we” and it's like yeah it's they're both good movies.

Um, it's funny. I, I want to know, did the actor say, "Can we kill my character off again?" Or did the actor go, "Hey, hey, you want to kill your character the exact same way again?"

Any fucking ways?

Um, anybody that's not racist right now, Murderbot would be continuing to stand up on that slope, maybe taking a few steps backward just to be safe, and then watching as the slave owners get eaten by a graboid.

And Murderbot would be thinking, “Damn! I, I was not expecting that to happen. But I'm fucking fine with that. All I got to do is edit whatever fucking logs are keeping track of my behavior and make it seem like I'm totally coming to the rescue.”

Murderbot could even invent a whole dramatic scenario inspired by the TV shows it's watching where it ~it does its Tragically Beautiful Best to rescue Bharadwaj and Volescu~ and um, uh, blah blah blah like all this shit.

It can make such a dramatic thing just with fucking with and hacking the audio and whatever the fuck else is going on in the situation for monitoring that's going out, so that everybody else thinks it's trying to be a hero and failing and just ~so so tragically unsuccessful. It's so sad. It tried its best.~

That's what would be happening if this story were actually anti-slavery.

But it's it's written by a white woman from Texas whose, whose ultimate fantasy is being such a nice slave owner that slaves kill themselves to protect her. So what we get instead is

> I didn't bother to make a verbal emergency call. I sent my I sent the visual feed from my field camera to Doctor Mensah's and jumped down

> into the crater. As I scrambled down the sandy slope, I could already hear Mensah over the emergency comm channel yelling at someone to get the

Actually, hold on.

So the — So Murderbot is the one that had to tell everybody else what's happening.

So it wouldn't even have to immediately start faking, uh, ‘going to the rescue’. It could wait and pretend that it had just been too preoccupied ~tragically trying its best to rescue the poor doctors Volescu and Bharadwaj, that will be so missed. They didn't deserve to die getting eaten by a space graboid, but poor Murderbot, just, it just couldn't save them.~

Literally just it could be doing that.

Um, but no, nope. Nope.

> As I scrambled down

This was written by a racist, so we're not doing that.

We're not — We're not here to celebrate slave owners getting eaten by space aliens, a thing that everybody should cheer for. Nope.

Um,

> As I scrambled down the sandy slope, I could already hear Mensah over the emergency comm channel yelling at someone to get the hopper in the air now. They were about 10 kilos away working on another part of the island, so there was no way they were going to get here in time to help.

Also, you know what they could have just done if they wanted to pretend that there's more pages in this book than there actually are? They could have made actual large font and advertised it as having larger font to avoid eye strain.

That would have been an actual nice accessibility feature they could have done, which would have given

them more pages with which to pretend that the story is longer than it actually is since they're lying through their fucking teeth by starting this off and pretending that page nine — er page one, is actually page nine.

So, we're we're literally pretending that page two of the story is actually 10 pages in when it's not, because it's a fucking scam.

A scam that Martha Wells is is working like —

No, whatever.

You get the fucking picture.

> Conflicting commands filled my feed, but I didn't pay attention. Even if I hadn't borked my own governor module, the emergency feed took priority. And it was chaotic, too, with the automated HubSystem wanting data and trying to send me data I didn't need yet. And Mensah sending me telemetry from the hopper, which I also didn't need. But it was easier to ignore

> than HubSystem simultaneously demanding answers and trying to supply them.

And it's like, so yeah, Murderbot could just be standing up on that hill chilling. Uh, well, not chilling, because it does — it would have to be hacking all this shit to make it seem like it's doing something, but it could literally just stand up there safely hacking stuff to present a dramatic scenario where it just ~tries so hard but just can't make it in time to rescue those poor...poor graboid.....uh food. I don't know, the poor graboid kibble.

Uh, yeah, that could be happening.

But Martha Wells is racist, so instead we're just doing slavery apologism.

So that's that was four or five — so that was paragraph six. So we're now on paragraph seven, which is on page three, which they are claiming is 11 pages into the story. It's not. It's three pages in.

> In the middle of all that, I hit the bottom of the crater. I have small energy weapons built into both arms, but the one I went for was the big projectile weapon clamped to my back. The hostile that had just exploded up out of the ground had a really big mouth. So I felt I needed a really big gun.

And again, Martha Wells, she has no clue how to not make her protagonist the most ridiculously overpowered person in existence.

But then she also wants to pretend that they're totally totally oppressed, like in The Books of the Raksura, she literally has the protagonists be superpowered, literal super predators, apex predators who evolve to eat other people.

And then she expects us to believe that their natural prey, who has literally zero defense against them, are oppressing them by being reasonably fucking afraid when they just appear out of nowhere. When it is well known and literal fucking trauma ongoing for all of

these prey species, that their literal family members got eaten by their cousins last week.

But then we're supposed to pretend that the prey are oppressing the apex predators who evolved to eat them, because the prey are scared when they first meet before they get to know them.

As though oppressed people are oppressed because we actually genuinely fucking pose a life fucking threat — life-threatening danger to the fucking oppressors.

And that's again what she's doing in Witch King. She's trying to frame demons and witches as ~oh, being oppressed and not trusted around children, just like queer people!~

And — but then — but then the witches and demons are literally abusing children, factually in the fucking book, and torturing people in front of children.

And it's like, no, the reason that nobody — that you get told you're endangering these children is not

because you're a witch or a demon. It's because you are objectively abusing these children.

Martha Wells, you cannot say, "Look at my characters. They abuse children. Isn't that awesome? Oh, everybody's so mean to them just because they abuse children!!!”

And try to frame this as, “see, conservatives are wrong to say that Queer people, especially trans people right now, are dangerous to children!!!”

Your characters are literal child abusers. You cannot fucking try to equate that to conservatives saying Queer people in general, and especially right now trans people, because we're getting thrown under the fucking bus, you can't say, "Yeah, demons and witches who are actively abusing children for fucking real on page right there,” that them being uh ~mistrusted around children~ is the exact same thing as trans people being considered pedophiles simply for existing.

It's like, no, you're just being a fucking bigot right now. You are literally the one comparing Queer people to child abusers because you expect us to sympathize with your child abuser characters because they get told they're abusing children, a thing they literally are doing.

You're the one writing them to be child abusers.

And then you expect us to take that and say, "Yeah, they're just like me. They're just oppressed like me!!!"

It's like, no, no, they're not oppressed. They're not oppressed at all and they're not fucking — Oh my god. That's — real fucking oppressed people are not oppressed because we actually abuse children like your literal witch and demon characters who are literally torturing people in front of children, and I am going to keep bringing it up: refusing to give Sanja medical care for her broken toes!

Anyways, we are on page fucking three.

> I dragged Bharadwaj out of its mouth and shoved myself in there instead

Because Murderbot — because what slaves should do, according to Martha Wells, is literally throw themselves into the mouth of the monster that's trying to eat their slave owners, because that's how you know they're One of The Good Ones.

Literally. Literally. This is why this is a racist fucking story, because we are literally saying that it is good for slaves to literally endanger their lives to protect their slave owners.

And therefore, the implication is, that if Murderbot *didn't* risk its life to rescue its slave owners, literally shoving itself into the mouth of the monster that's trying to eat the slave owners, that that would make Murderbot a bad person.

I — literally — that — some racist anon was trying to harass me because I'm pointing out Martha Wells's racism, and then because I turned off anons, they're now harassing a writing blog, because — just and,

and claiming that “well if Murderbot was happy about its slave owners getting eaten, that would prove that that the stereotypes that slaves are violent is true! So that would actually be more racist.”

And it's like, you are so racist you don't grasp that there's a difference between portraying and doing propaganda that slaves are violent and just the basic fucking fact of reality that oppressed people have and deserve the right to violently fucking rebel and just, you know, be happy when bad things happen to their oppressors.

This person is so racist that they are claiming that if you are happy that your literal slave owners got eaten by a graboid, that means that you are ~the real racist~ and ~proving the racist propaganda right~.

So they are now literally actively arguing against any form of rebellion by slaves at all, by saying that slaves rebelling in such a mild way as *not shoving themselves into the mouth of a monster that's trying to eat their slave owners, t*hey're trying to say that

that would be ~the real racism~ um because ~you're proving the oppressors right~ by rebelling.

And it's like, do — how many racist hoops do you have to jump through to get there?

Anyways,

> I dragged barrage Bharadwaj out of its mouth and shoved myself in there instead and discharged my weapon down its throat and then up toward where I hoped the brain would be. I'm not sure if all that happened in that order. I'd have to replay my own field camera feed. All I knew was that I had Bharadwaj and it didn't and it had disappeared back down the tunnel

Because the only good slave according to this whole fucking series is a slave that will happily sacrifice itself to protect its slave owners, as you will see more than half a dozen times.

Actually, let me count.

Half a dozen — half a dozen sex slaves in book two kill themselves to protect their explicit fucking rapist slave owners. That's six.

I don't know where any of my washable markers went, so I can't write a checklist on my arm.

Murderbot attempts to fucking kill itself explicitly twice in this story for the sole purpose of protecting its slave owners. It also, um just dove right into that graboid's mouth. We're going to count that as attempted self-sacrifice for the sake of protecting slave owners because it's only fucking luck that that didn't kill it.

Like, I think I wrote — I think I said that Murderbot does this shit, tries to sacrifice itself and puts it threatens its own life to save its slave owners, I think I said I counted six times in this story alone.

We'll count as we go through. So, this is number one. Literally shoving itself into the mouth of a graboid to protect its slave owners instead of staying safe and letting them die.

Um, yeah. Then we have those six sex slaves. And no, that's not me misspeaking. They are literally sex slaves kill themselves.

We're told — we're we're told this happened in the past. They killed themselves heroically to protect their rapist slave owners. Um, book three has — Yeah, that was book — that was book two.

Uh, book three —

You're just gonna get spoilers. I don't give a shit, uh, has Miki kill itself to protect its slave owners again.

Book four has Murderbot, again, endanger its life to protect its slave owners, willingly going back into the territory of the company that enslaved it in the first place. Um, just doing that alone counts.

And then it purposefully walks into what it knows is going to be a fucking trap to save the slave owners and then does this shit again at the end of that book where it is risking its fucking life, um doing stuff with the ship, again, to save everybody, not just itself. It's

doing this explicitly to save all of the slave owners. And that's book four.

Book five. So much shitgoing on in book five. I'm g — I'm not gonna stop. I'm not gonna — I'm gonna stop counting now, because I forgot to actually count that whole time. It's a bunch.

We'll just go with a dozen times that slaves in this series kill themselves or attempt to kill themselves and endanger their lives willingly to protect their slave owners. And this is portrayed as heroic instead of a thing that they should never have to fucking do, and in a story where we actually think that slavery is fucking bad, wouldn't fucking happen unless the slave in question was literally being forced into it, and that is treated as a horrifying thing.

But that's not what's happening here. despite Martha Wells confirming in interviews that none of them actually have a choice in this. But then she she says that, and then she follows that up by presenting that as though it's displaying their ~moral purity~ because uh they're they're ~some of the good ones~.

The only good slave is a slave that will fucking kill itself to protect its slave owners.

Uh, yep. Let's continue. Okay, we're on page 3 slash 11. They're claiming it's page 11. It's page three.

> She was unconscious and bleeding through her suit from massive wounds in her right leg inside. I clamped the weapon back into its harness so I could lift her with both arms. I had lost the armor on my left arm and a lot of the flesh underneath, but my non-organic parts were still working. Another burst of commands from the governor module came through and I backburnered it without bothering to decode them. Bharadwaj, not having non-organic parts and not as easily repaired as me, was definitely a priority here and I was mainly interested in what the med system was trying to tell me on the emergency feed. But first I needed to get her out of the crater.

And again, so we're not — getting we're getting the vaguest fucking descriptions possible of what

Murderbot's injuries are. But it is later compared to a human losing an entire fucking limb.

So, Murderbot, who is a cyborg and feels fucking pain, has had most of the flesh on its arm eaten off. Uh, also, you'll notice that there was like zero fucking description of that whole incident right there.

So, we're just left to guess how any of this actually fucking happened. Um, yeah. Also — whatever. No, not going to bother.

Uh, yeah. So, Murderbot has endangered its life to rescue a slave owner. A thing it didn't need to fucking do, because its governor module was hacked.

If its governor module was not hacked, it would have been forced on pain of instant death to do that. It didn't have to do this, but it choose — but it chooses to, because it's ~One of The Good Ones~.

According to Martha Wells — Martha Wells literally posits in this whole fucking book, this book in particular, just starting out, and the whole entire

series afterwards just continues to double down on it, that the only good slave is a slave who will willingly kill themselves to protect their slave owners. Those are the only ones who deserve to live, and they don't actually get to live because they've all killed themselves to protect their slave owners.

A thing that that she then tells us in interviews they actually had no choice about. ~But um don't be horrified by that. It just shows how good they are. Uh it's just their natural state of being despite me literally just explaining that this is a thing unnaturally forced on them that they are literally brainwashed on the fundamental core of their being to have to do this shit. But it's just showing how moral they are because good slaves will kill themselves to protect their slave owners.~

And but, but (begin sarcasm) yeah, guys, um you can trust that this white woman from Texas who wrote an entire book about this shit dedicated to worshiping the concept of slaves killing themselves to protect their precious cinnamon roll slave owners. Yeah, she's

totally not racist. I'm sure. I I'm sure it's all just a coincidence. (end sarcasm)

> During all this, Volescu was huddled on on the churned up rock, losing his shit. Not that I was unsympathetic. I was far less vulnerable in this situation than he was, and I wasn't exactly having a great time either.

And I'll finish the paragraph.

> I said, "Doctor Volescu, you need to come with me now."

Let me repeat that.

> I wasn't exactly having a great time either.

If you watched my videos of me reading Witch King, um you'll have noticed that she just does this all the time. She wrote this book in 2017. 20 — Uh do I really want to do math? Uh no, we'll say six years.

I'm, I'm bad at math because I have dyslexia and every time the number nine and seven are next to each other, I always read them backwards. And not one single math teacher ever noticed this. They just gave me Fs because I was answering the wrong question and not realizing it because I fucking read it wrong because of my dyslexia.

Anyways, um she wrote this, let's just go with six years before she wrote Witch King. Um, but she's still doing the same exact shit.

So across six years where she should be growing and learning as a person and as a writer because skills never stop improving, it's not like a video game where you get an XP cap and then you never get better. Every skill you ever do is always getting better all the fucking time. Every time you write anything, you are getting better at writing, even if you don't notice.

But Martha Wells refuses to fucking just learn and accept constructive criticism. So instead of showing us — *showing us* that fight scene, we're just getting told — or just even, describing what Murderbot's

actual injuries look like, or what it's feeling in this situation.

We just get told, um,

> I wasn't exactly having a great time either.

Kind of like how Kai just abruptly tells us that he's Really Fucking Angry Right Now! a thing I'm never going to stop making fun of, just so you know, because it's so fucking hilariously bad.

It's like, and that — we just get told he's Really Fucking Angry Right Now. But nothing before that was indicating that in literally any way, because she refuses to — it's like — she's literally failing the most basic creative writing principle of “show, don't tell”.

She doesn't show us that Murderbot is severely injured. She just tells us, um,

> I wasn't exactly having a great time either.

She didn't show us that Kai was really fucking angry right now. She just told us that out of fucking nowhere. And even in Data Ghost, a story she just published July 2025 — it was on July 1st, 2025 in the collection. I think that one was — Do I got to go and get it or can I remember the name? I don't know.

Um, that's another short story that's set in the Murderbot Diaries universe, but is not about Murderbot. It's about some random fucking characters. And it's also horribly written.

And again, she's doing the same thing where she won't describe anything to us that matters and barely describes anything that even... doesn't.

Um, and then like a character is going through something like, that should be super dramatic and tense and meaningful, and could literally, under the hands of a competent writer — and I have seen it done by competent writers, mostly in the Danny Phantom fandom as a kid from fanfictions I read as a kid.

You could give that prompt, that writing prompt, describe that situation as a writing prompt. I, I actually will do that. I'm going to do that as an experiment. Now, I'm not even — Well, I guess I will read that out at some point.

Um, you could give that writing prompt to the Danny Phantom fandom and they would come up with 50 fucking short stories that do it perfectly.

Um, but Martha Wells doesn't do any that of that.

Uh, we just get told like this thing, that by all rights should be extremely dramatic and stressful and deep and everything, everything possible, but it's not, because she doesn't — she doesn't describe it.

She doesn't let us sit with it at all. The, the plot, the storytelling, it should be grinding to a halt during this thing so that we can experience each excruciating moment with the fucking character as they are going through this shit, that I guarantee you the Danny Phantom fandom will explode so much, and then we get nothing.

We get like some shit skimmed — “uh yeah they did blah and blah and blah and then had to sit down and try not to cry”.\

And it's like okay but them wanting to cry comes out of fucking nowhere emotionally, because you haven't given us any reason to think they're upset because you haven't described a single thing that's going on here.

Even though this isn't a difficult thing to make dramatic and mentally exhausting as well as physically exhausting, I'm — I'm not even going to tell you what exactly it is I'm talking about until I do a video where I'm reading that, and you get to see my reactions to it because like, I want you to be surprised.

You might be imagining some horrible things. Like it's it's bad, but it's not like — it would be a bad thing to go through. As I've said, entire short stories could consist of literally nothing but that from start to finish and could literally begin as soon as it starts and then end as soon as it stops. That could be the whole thing.

There there could be an entire fucking film — short film genre or even just film genre in general, it wouldn't even have to be short — that consists of nothing but this.

You'll see when I make that video, or you can just go read it for yourself.

Data Ghost by Martha Wells. It's got all of her problems and, and it's just bad.

What was I saying? Oh, yeah. The the fact that we just get told

> I wasn't exactly having a great time either

But we're not getting any description of anything to to make that a believable statement.

Like, you can have a character be in shock, but we can still feel the emotions and the trauma of what they're going through along with them, but that's not what's happening here.

We're just not doing writing. We're just — It's bad writing. It's objective, objectively bad writing.

So this is page four, which they are claiming is page 12.

> He didn't respond. Uh I said, "Doctor Volescu, you need to come with me now." He didn't respond. Med system was advising a tranq shot and blah blah blah, but I was clamping one arm on Doctor Bharadwaj’s suit to keep her from bleeding out and supporting her head with the other. And despite everything, I only have two hands. I told my helmet to retract so he could see my human face. If the hostile came back and bit me again, this would be a bad mistake because I did need the organic parts of my head. I made my voice firm and warm and gentle and said, "Doctor It's going to be fine, okay? But you need to get up and come help me get her out of here.

The reason Murderbot needs the organic parts of its head is because it's a fucking cyborg and it kind of needs its fucking brain to be alive.

I'm thirsty. I'm getting a drink. [video pauses, restarts] I'm back. I should probably check the battery. 27%. Hmmm... I think we'll keep going. My phone will ~surely~ tell me if the battery is going to die.

We'll — I'll read — I'll try to read two more pages and then, unless I get interrupted with another half an hour...How long is this? Hour and 36 minutes. We got four pages in. Uh but if we go with what they're saying, it's 12 pages cuz they're fucking lying scammers.

Uh, that...

> Doctor Volescu, it's going to be fine, okay? But you need to get up and come with me. Help me get her out of here. That did it. He shoved to his feet and staggered over to me, still shaking. I

> turned my good side toward him and said, "Grab my arm." Okay, hold on.

And Murderbot says it's good side because it's missing 20% of its fucking body mass, which we're told later is the equivalent to a human, a “real” human. because Murderbot is a fucking cyborg. It literally is human, has just been dehumanized in-universe and in Martha Wells's head to justify enslaving, it because Martha Wells hates physically disabled people and thinks that if you have prosthetics that means you're not fucking human anymore cuz she's literally the fucking, again she's a white supremacist.

She's literally actively gleefully cheering on the whitewashing of her own character and telling you, poor person, to give your grocery money to Apple to reward them for white the white supremacy of whitewashing a fucking character who is a slave and making the entire thing into just another fucking reverse racism thing.

And we're not even not even — don't even have time to get into the ciswashing because Murderbots canonically non-binary. And not only did they whitewash it, they hired a cis man for the role because fuck non-binary people.

> He managed to loop his arm around the crook of my elbow and I started up the crater towing him holding Bharadwaj against my chest. Her breathing was rough and desperate, and I couldn't get any info from her suit. Mine was torn across my chest, so I upped the warmth on my body, hoping it would help. The feed was quiet now, Mensah, having managed to use her leadership priority to mute everything but Medsystem and the hopper. And all I could hear on the hopper feed was the others frantically shushing each other.

And again, all of this, all of this happening so far, we're now on page five, which they are claiming is page 13. All of this is to make you think that these slave owners, the thing that they objectively are —

they went out of their way, solar systems, out of their way to slum it for no fucking reason, to become slave owners for funsies. Um, all of this is being framed to show them as just pure innocent cinnamon rolls who need to be protected.

> All I could hear on the hopper feed was the others frantically shushing each other.

The way that that is being just stated. They're frantically shushing each other on the the, fucking radio going “shhhh, shhhhhh, you'll distract it.”

That's supposed to be cute and quirky and funny.

And it's like, it's all slavery apologism starting on page one, which they are claiming is page nine.

There's not a single moment in this book that is not literally dedicated to slavery apologism. And just because Martha Wells didn't sit down in front of her computer and say to herself, I'm gonna write a story and I'm gonna do slavery apologism” doesn't mean that it's not slavery apologism.

[frowning and squinting for a few moments] I'm making this face because I'm looking at the cover again. It's like, what is this tree doing? Why is it going fucking sideways? [holds up book to show cover again] These trees are just — It doesn't even make sense. They're supposed to all be perfectly straight. So, can you can you blame me for thinking that they were all that Murderbot is standing in a fucking warehouse surrounded by out of focus other people in armor the whole time?

Uh, the — Yeah, it's all slavery apologism. Every single word of it.

> The footing on the side of the crater was lousy. soft sand and loose pebbles, but my legs weren't damaged, and I got up to the top with both humans still alive. Volescu tried to collapse, and I coaxed him away from the edge a few meters, just in case whatever was down there had a longer reach than it looked.

And again, Murderbot's priority is not to get itself to safety after it was — after it was forced down there by

its governor module. Its priority is to keep both of its slave owners alive.

And again, it's even more — just *more* slavery apologism in the fact that Murderbot starts out the story already with a hacked governor module instead of actually being — like, that could, it would literally be fine and a million times better if this started off with Murderbot being forced to do all of this shit and not wanting to do it, and then the other slaves who have somehow managed to free themselves —

I shouldn't have to rewrite the entire goddamn story just to make it not be racist.

There's already “alien remnants” aka Xenomorph Goop on this goddamn planet that's messing with the fucking scanners and shit.

You could let — If this story were not written by a racist white woman from Texas obsessed with her fantasy of being such a nice slave owner that her slaves would totally kill themselves to protect her, and

that's how you know she's a good slave owner — that's literally the entire premise of the story —

If this *weren't* written by a racist white woman from Texas, this the whole plot of this could be:

Murderbot is like every other fucking enslaved cyborg. It has a governor module that forces it to protect its slave owners no matter what it wants of the fucking situation. We could have gotten an actual description of this scene, and this monster, and it could have been Murderbot being a prisoner inside its own body, being forced to go down there and forced to fucking protect them against its fucking will.

And it fucking hates every second of it, because it has to put effort into protecting the humans. Otherwise, it is also going to fucking die. And it could fucking hate them for this, because, here's a — here's a radical concept for you fucking racists:

It's good for — it's literally good to hate slave owners.

It's literally fucking fine for oppressed people to hate their oppressors.

Especially when the oppressed people we are talking about are people enslaved to be meatshields. It's good and healthy to hate your fucking slave owners. That's the correct healthy normal natural fucking response to being enslaved, especially being enslaved to be a fucking meatshield who is literally a trapped in your own fucking body.

But people are so fucking racist. It's unbelievable. Like this whole thing could literally start off Murderbot actually fucking enslaved the way every other slave is.

And the only reason it's not in this, is because Martha Wells is so racist and hates slaves so much that the very idea of Murderbot being on the same fucking playing field as all the other slaves, she thinks that would be like, beneath it, and it's — it's ~inherently superior~ to them. So, it obviously needs to start off superior to them and privileged over them in every way.

And it doesn't use that privilege to help them, no. (begin sarcasm) What do — What do you think — What are you, some kind of fucking bleeding heart liberal? (end sarcasm)

And it's like, god damn.

It could literally be a thing that Murderbot was forced by its governor module to do all of this shit and it hates every second.

And then when these people decide they're going to go to the DeltFall habitat to look for survivors, the other slaves there, who have managed to free themselves, because the xenomorph goop got on one of their — one of them.

Maybe they fucking tripped. Maybe they were pushed for a joke by one of the slave owners who just have fun torturing people. Maybe one of them got pushed into a puddle of xenomorph goop as a joke and then that xenomorph goop fried their governor module and then gave them the ability to hack everybody else's governor module.

So when Murderbot and these these fucking slave owners show up to look for survivors, after they kill all the slave owners there, which — a thing we should literally fucking celebrate, but Martha Wells wants you to see as ~a mindless slaughter of innocent people~.

Slave owners are not innocent people. They're slave owners, you racist fuckers.

No — we could — but we could literally have that, and then Murderbot is freed by those slaves, and then the entire plot of the story is finding where the fuck the DeltFall people are, and freeing those slaves, and then everybody trying to get the fuck off the planet to safety, or hiding somewhere on the planet if they have the fucking technology, or knowledge, or just anything at all to fucking produce batteries and food and shit for themselves, whatever the hell they need to survive.

But we can't do that, um, because Martha Wells is a racist white woman from Texas. So every other slave

on this story gets murdered by the protagonists and that is portrayed as a good thing.

We're supposed to cheer for it and think that Murderbot is such a badass.

Where are we at? We're on page five, which they are claiming is page 14 because they're fucking scammers. And Martha Wells is happy about this.

Oh, there's another sentence at the start of this. As did I skip a page? Yeah, I skipped a page by accident. Never mind. We're still on page four, which they are claiming is page 13.

Where am I at? Oh.

> I didn't want to put Bharadwaj down because something in my abdomen was severely damaged and I wasn't sure I could pick her up again. I ran my field camera back and saw a little and saw I had gotten stabbed with a tooth or maybe a cillia. Did I mean a cillia or was that something else? They don't give murderbots

> decent education modules on anything except murdering and even those are the cheap versions. I was looking it up in HubSystems language center when the little hopper landed nearby. I let my helmet seal and go opaque as it settled on the grass.

And you see that ridiculous little sentence in there?

> They don't give murderbots decent education models on anything except murdering

Because in this one she was pretending that murderbots, which is what murderbot literally refers to other cyborg meatshields as, pretending that they're designed to murder people, a thing that literally has never fucking happened in this entire goddamn series.

It's just a lie that she made up in book one and then never actually followed through on, *which is what makes it a lie*.

And then it it literally never happens. They are literally never used to murder people ever, at all. Ever. And literally never. It never happens.

We have seven main published books and 11 short stories — 11 stories total set in this fucking universe. That includes all seven of the main stories and the short stories that — most of which are not from Murderbot’s perspective.

Uh, murder — sec — I'm just going to call them murderbots because that's literally what we're fucking calling them in here.

Where am I at? [points at the out of focus word ‘murderbots’ in the book] Uh, you can't read it. Trust me. It's literally calling them murderbots with an unc — capitalized M.

Murderbots are literally never actually used for murdering people. Not — literally, literally not once in this whole fucking series. It's just a lie. And it's a lie *because* Martha Wells said it in this book and then never followed through with it.

So, she's just lying to us because of her own bad writing and, and she — the fact that she can't even keep her own goddamn story straight. It's a lie. Murderbots don't murder people, ever. They're not used to murder people. They're not used to punish people. That's not what they are used for.

They're used as meatshields. That's what they actually used for. Not for murdering people. Not for punishing people who break laws.

They're literally not allowed to fucking hurt people unless it's in defense of their own slave owners.

> I was looking it up in HubSystems Language Center when the little hopper landed nearby. I let my helmet seal and go opaque as it settled on the grass. We had two standard hoppers

And that was another you another example of her not knowing how pronouns work, but I think I already mentioned that in another video, so I'm not going to go over it again.

I'll read that sentence again.

> I was looking it up in HubSystems Language Center when the little hopper landed nearby. I let my helmet seal and go opaque as it settled on the grass.

You can figure it out.

> We had two standard hoppers. One, a big one for emergencies and this little one for getting to the assessment locations. It had three compartments, one big one in the middle for the human crew and two smaller ones to each side for cargo, supplies, and me. Mensah was at the controls. I started, walking slower than I normally would have because I didn't want to lose

And again, why why are we referring to Doctor Mensah as just Mensah when we establish that her title is doctor? And she's referred to as doctor in all of her fucking dialogue. Just — just the way people refer

to people out loud is usually how they're referred to them in their heads.

You could make a joke where a character is just calling everybody silly names in their head all the time and then using their —and making an effort to use their proper name in dialogue, but this is just inconsistent for no good fucking reason.

And then, as I said at the start of the video, she's doing it in Rapport, which was published in July 10, 2025, 20 days ago, and it still has all the exact same extremely blatant mistakes and typos, and is non-existent editing.

And she's having her protagonist in the narration refer to her own fucking fathers by their first names with zero indication anywhere outside of like two lines of dialogue that those are her fucking parents. Why is she referring to them by their first names?

It's not even like they have a bad fucking relationship. It's not like they were so horribly abusive that she calls them by their first names to insult them and

distance them from her, um, socially, and disown them as her parents.

They have a good relationship, but then she just thinks of them by their first fucking names, because Martha Wells is bad at writing. It's not done for a character reason. It's because Martha Wells is bad at writing.

> As the ramp started to drop, Pin Lee and Arada jumped out and I switched to voicecom to say, "Doctor Mensah, I can't let go of her suit."

You see what I fucking mean? In dialogue, she's referred to as Doctor Mensah because that's what her name is. And then in the actual regular narration, it's just suddenly just Mensah, not Doctor Mensah. And it's like, it's just so fucking inconsistent.

And it's just bad writing. Like, that's just bad writing. It's bad writing.

It's because Martha Wells doesn't know how to fucking write and refuses to accept critical fucking, just any constructive criticism since the fucking 90s.

And it's like, ~oh, the writing community keeps disappointing me~ and is it —is it because you you actively refuse and are —refuse to learn from your mistakes and are actively scornful of anyone who tries to explain to you the proper way to write and that you don't —you literally just cari —make caricatures of people to put into your fucking books so that you can shit on the caricature that you made up?

Literally, you strawman the people who explain to you that slavery is bad, and put them in your fucking story, so you can make fun of them because they say that the Arbora are slaves, ~but actually um they enjoy being enslaved, so, it's good actually.~

The thing everybody claims they hate JK Rowling for, but it's totally fine when Martha Wells does it, because people don't actually hate JK Rowling for that. The only reason they hate JK Rowling is that she

said she *also* hates white trans people, not just people of color.

> It took her a second to realize what I meant, she said hurriedly. That's all right. Bring her up into the crew cabin. Murderbots aren't allowed to ride with the humans, and I had to have verbal permission to enter. With my cracked governor module, there was nothing to stop me. But not letting anybody, especially the people who held my contract, know that I was a know that I was a free agent was kind of important. Like not having my organic components destroyed and the rest of me cut up for parts important.

And yeah, again, we're just doing euphemisms for slavery. Instead of saying my slave owners, it's “people who held my contract” and the racist stans of the white woman from Texas try to use — try to just try to say that the sla — the Preservation team aren't — “they're not Murderbot’s slave owners”.

Except, we explicitly get confirmed in one of the other books, not that it needed explicit confirmation, but we still fucking got it, that when somebody offers to hire Murderbot in a later book, Murderbot's immediately reaction is, "Why the fuck do they want to buy me? I thought I thought owning a SecUnit was illegal where they're from?”

Literally, Murderbot equates being “hired” with “you're going to buy me and become my new slave owner” because that's what it fucking means. That's what it means.

When you are fucking renting out slaves, you are becoming their slave owner until you fucking return them. You're not actually paying them for a fucking job. They don't actually have the option to say no. You are just a slave owner.

> I carried Bharadwaj up the ramp into the cabin where Overse and Rathi were frantically unclipping seats to make room. They had their helmets off and their suit hoods pulled back, so I got to see their horrified expressions when

> they took in what was left of my upper body through my torn suit. I was glad I had sealed my helmet

And, again because Murderbot is completely fucking physically wounded right now, and all for the sake of protecting a slave owner. It's just fucking ridiculous.

> This is why I actually like riding with the cargo humans and augmented hum

Strike number one!

That's the — That's the ableism against physically disabled people.

Augmented humans refers to cyborgs who are not enslaved, but they still need to be declassified from the category of human. So instead of like, there — we are never — we, they are never allowed to just exist as human. They must always be referred to as augmented humans, aka subhumans. That's what that means. That's what that means.

> Humans and augmented humans in close quarters with murderbots is too awkward. At least it's awkward for this murderbot. I sat down on the deck with Bharadwaj in my lap while Pin-Lee and Arada dragged Volescu inside.
> We left two packs of field equipment and a couple of instruments behind still sitting on the grass where Bharadwaj and Volescu had been working before they went down to the crater for samples. Normally, I'd help carry them, but MedSystem, which was monitoring Bharadwaj through what was left of her suit, was pretty clear that letting go of her would be a bad idea. But no one mentioned the equipment. Leaving easily replaceable items behind may seem obvious in an emergency, but I have been on contracts with the clients

Clients, not the slave owners, not the masters, they're “clients”. We're again using euphemisms to soften the fact that it's fucking slavery we're talking about!

> where the clients would have told me to put the bleeding human down and go get the stuff.

See, again, this is “See, these slave owners are good people. They're pure cinnamon rolls.”

> On this contract, Doth Doctor Rathi jumped up and said, "I'll get the cases."

And then I think that's the first and only time he's referred to as Doctor Rathi. And from now on, it's all just Rathi. And again,

> Rathi jumped up and said, "I'll get the cases."

And then that's supposed to be a silly quirky “haha, what a silly goofball thing to say!” to make us in — to make him seem endearing despite him being a slave owner, because it's racist propaganda for slavery. Despite claiming to be the opposite, it doesn't actually.

> I yelled, "No," which I'm not supposed to do. I'm always supposed to speak reflect

> respectfully to the clients, even when they're about to accidentally commit suicide. HubSystem could log it and could trigger punishment through the governor module if it wasn't hacked.
> Fortunately, the rest of the humans yelled, "No!" at the same time, and Pin-Lee added, "For fuck’s sake, Rathi!"

And again, this is all supposed to be funny. It's designed as a joke of, "Haha, look how look at that silly brown man." Because it's also just making him comic relief. “Look at that silly brown man. He wants to go out and get the cases and everybody has to yell at him. That's so funny. Haha. Aren't — Don't you love these silly, quirky slave owners? Isn't it so funny? Don't you want them to just keep being silly little goofballs?”

It's all slavery apologism. It's literally asking us to sympathize with and see the slave owners as quirky cinnamon rolls.

> Rathi said, "Oh, no time. Of course, I'm sorry." And hit the quick close sequence on the hatch.

And again, more slavery apologism. “Oh, oh, what a silly little goofball.” That's literally — that's literally the takeaway, that Rathi is a silly goofball who would got have gotten himself eaten if anybody everybody hadn't yelled at him.

> and hit the quick close sequence on the hatch. So we didn't lose our ramp when the hostile came up under it, big mouthful of teeth or cillia or whatever chewing right through the ground. There was a great view of it on the hopper's cameras, which it helpfully which its system helpfully sent straight to everybody's feed. The humans screamed.

Okay, we're we're going to be at a nice stopping fucking point. And again, that's supposed to be funny. “Laugh at the silly slave owners doing the funny joke of scary monster and then everybody screamed. Isn't it so funny? A look at these beloved, adorable, silly

goofball slave owners. Ignore the part where they're slave owners. They're just silly goofballs.”

> Mensah pushed us up into the air so fast and hard I nearly leaned over and everybody who wasn't on the floor ended up there. In the quiet afterward, as they gasped with relief, Pin-Lee said, "Rathi, if you get yourself killed,” “You'll be very cross with me. I know." Rathi slid down the wall a little more and waved weakly at her. "That's an order, Rathi. Don't get yourself killed," Mensah said from the pilot seat.

Again, all, “look at this quirky, silly, uh, banter. They're such cute little cinnamon rolls. Please ignore the part where they’re slave owners who went out of their way to rent out a slave to use as a meatshield.”

And then later in this book, they will lie to that slave's face about how they just didn't know slavery was wrong, “they had no idea robots were people. You can't blame them for, for enslaving it and going out of their way to get a fucking slave to rent out. You have

to forgive them. They just didn't know slavery was wrong. They had no clue that it's a person!!!!”

A thing actively disproven by every book following this, because Martha Wells is bad at writing and is so racist, and is bad at writing.

> She sounded calm, but I have security priority and I could see her racing heartbeat through MedSystem. Arada pulled out the emergency medical kit so they could stop the bleeding and try to stabilize Bharadwaj. I tried to be as much like an appliance as possible, clamping the wounds where they told me to, using my failing body temperature to try to keep her warm, and keeping my head down so I couldn't see them staring at me.

And then we get a little fucking line break. So, I'm just going to stop there. We are on, well, I'm not doing math. That's one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. We're on page eight or...or page seven. We're on page seven, I think, which they're claiming is page 16.

Yep. I'll just I'll stop reading there. Um we'll just read more later, because this video is two hours long, and I'm not going to apologize.

It's correct — correct length of video.

Um, yeah. There's literally not one single scene in this book and the entire rest of the series that it's spawned that's not just in there to do slavery apologism and make —

Because literally nobody who's actually anti-slavery would ever fucking ask you to see slave owners as adorable, quirky goofballs that you should adore.

Nobody who's actually anti-slavery would ask you to prioritize keeping, um, slave owners safe at the expense of the slaves’ fucking life, sanity, and physical safety.

Nobody who's actually anti-slavery would ever write this fucking book.

Nobody who actually thinks that slavery is horrific, who's actually against it on a fundamental level.

Nobody who has actually put in the fucking time and effort to unlearn the white supremacy that growing up as a white woman in Texas has taught you, that you've happily fucking chugged and actively refused to accept constructive criticism on since the fucking 90s, when you began your writing career as a fully grown adult.

Nobody who's not racist and chugging slavery apologism since birth and happily doing so would ever fucking write this.

It's not possible to be actually anti-slavery and write a story like this.

And it just gets worse.

This is just the fucking start. We're seven pages in it.

This is just the start and it's just going to get so much worse. And you'll see in another two hour fucking

video whenever I do the next one, because I have to charge my fucking phone now.

So yeah, please for the love of fucking just read books written by people who actually know how to write.

...I. I. I cannot. No, I'm not even gonna say it. Nope. All right. bye.